

THE ACADEMY  
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# THE ACADEMY

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Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We have received from a firm of publishers "A Book of Sonnets," price twopence. The sonnets included in this booklet have been brought together by a Miss or Mrs. Barter, L.L.A., who is described on the title-page as "Late Headmistress of the Braintree Pupil-Teachers' School." In view of this fact, and in view of the notes at the end of the volume and the tone of the "Short Sketch of the History of the English Sonnet" which precedes the selection, we conclude that "A Book of Sonnets" is designed for use in schools, and will probably be adopted as an English "reader" by various educational bodies. With Miss Barter's selection of sonnets suitable to place before beginners in the study of English poetry we have no quarrel in the main. She offers us sonnets by Wyatt, Surrey, Spenser, Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Barnfield, Shakespeare, Milton, Walsh, Warton, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Blanco White, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, Dante Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, and William Watson; so that altogether the collection may be considered fairly representative as far as it goes. The fly in the ointment is the inevitable sonnet by Theodore Watts-Dunton, "who has kindly allowed two of his sonnets to be printed in this little book, and has himself suggested the selection of that entitled 'The First Kiss.'" Why Miss Barter should go out of her way to print sonnets by Mr. Watts-Dunton, and thus hold them up as classical examples of the English sonnet, passes our comprehension. We have previously pointed out in these columns that, however competent Mr. Watts-Dunton may be as a critic of other people's sonnets and as a writer on the sonnet form, the sonnets he himself produces are, as a rule, mediocre, and never by any chance fit to be included among the best. "The First Kiss," selected by Mr. Watts-Dunton himself to represent him among the great English sonnet writers, bears its own condemnation on the face of it:—

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,  
Is Heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?  
Or stood she here even now where dewdrops gleam  
And miles of furze shine yellow down the West?  
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast  
Her bosom beats: I see the bright eyes beam.  
I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem

Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd.  
Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?  
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?  
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?

And so on. It is our plain duty to keep on saying that at best this is only middling work, and that no person possessed of proper feeling for the sonnet form would have allowed it to pass. It seems to us a thousand pities that such a sonnet should be foisted on to small children as a classical example of the English sonnet.

We note, too, with disapproval, that while Mr. William Watson has written a few sound sonnets, Miss Barter proffers us an example which ends as follows:—

Sweetest to dream, on easeful earth reclined,  
Far in some forest's ancient idleness,  
Under the shadow of its bossy boles;  
Beyond the world's pursuit, and Care's access;  
And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind  
Dancing and prancing in mad caprioles.

The last line is bad enough to have been written by Mr. Watts-Dunton himself. This putting forward of living writers in the figure of great masters in children's poetry books is no doubt most soothing and flattering to the living writers. But it is very unfortunate for the youth of the country.

A certain literary gentleman-of-all-work has been wandering in Paris, and no less a high critical authority than *T. P.'s Weekly* describes the result as "The Book of the Week." The author of the work is a great hand at quotation, and *T. P.'s Weekly*, of course, quotes to its heart's content. It is interesting to consider the quotations of *T. P.'s Weekly*, because we may learn from them a great deal that is illuminating. *T. P.* quotes exactly the passages which one would expect him to rejoice over. For example, take this of a restaurant:—

It is not cheap, it is little less dear indeed than the Café Anglais or Paillard's, to name the two restaurants of renown which are nearest to it; its cellar is poor and limited to half a dozen wines; its two rooms are minute and hot; but the idea of gastronomy reigns—everything is subordinated to the food and the cooking. If you order a trout, it is the best trout that France can breed, and it is swimming in the kitchen at the time the solitary waiter repeats your command; no such asparagus reaches any other Paris restaurant, no such Pré Salé and no such wild strawberries.

We have all heard of this restaurant. It has been the stand-by of people who consider themselves elegant and superior time out of mind. Our wanderer in Paris, we are told, discreetly withholds the locality and the name of his gourmet's paradise. Persons who trade in such paradises always do withhold names and addresses. Neither the wanderer in Paris nor *T. P.* can get a better trout or better asparagus or better wild strawberries than any person with money in his pocket can obtain at the Café Anglais. The solitary waiter and the two hot rooms idea is very pretty, and will enthrall Bayswater and Paris and back for thirty-one and sixpence, but persons who know Paris as a sort of suburb of London also know better.



T. P. and his wanderer are full of other marvels, as thus:—

No matter with what fervour the entente is fostered and nourished, the Parisian cabman will see to it that the hatchet is never too deeply interred, that the racial excrescences are not too smoothly planed. Polite hotel managers, obsequious restaurateurs, smiling sommeliers, and irradiated shopkeepers may do their best to assure the Anglo-Saxon that he is among a people that exist merely to do him honour and adore his personality; but directly he hails a cab he knows better. The truth is then his. Not that the Parisian cocher hates a foreigner. Nothing so crude as that. He merely is possessed by a devil of contempt that prompts him to humiliate and confound us. To begin with he will not appear to want you as a fare; he will make it a favour to drive you at all. He will then begin his policy of humorous pin-pricks. Though you speak with the accent of Mounet-Sully himself he will force you to pronounce the name of your destination not once but many times, and then very likely he will drive you somewhere else first. You may step into his cab with a feeling that Paris is becoming a native city; you will emerge wishing it at the bottom of the sea. That is the cocher's special mission in life—subtly and insidiously to humiliate the tourist.

We take it that our pretty writer speaks from his experience, but we can assure him that his experience is singular and particular, and that though his accent be that of Mounet-Sully himself his travellers' tales savour of Mrs. Partington. Of course, we have the secret of the wondrous frame of mind in that one word "tourist." People who really know Paris are never tourists.

We understand that Mr. Frank Harris has sold *Vanity Fair* to a syndicate in which Mr. Newbold of the *Era* is the leading spirit. It is to be hoped that the deal means the removal of *Vanity Fair* from the category of socialistic and anarchistic journalism, and that the readers of what used to be a reasonable and fairly witty society journal will be spared further puling articles about the moral virtues of "Nihilists I have met," and further dubious "poetry" by Mr. A. Crowley. It is interesting to note also that Mr. Harris's book about Shakespeare is shortly to be published by the New Age Press. So that Mr. Harris has definitely joined the "intellectuals" at last. We shall, no doubt, see him spreading himself in the *New Age* itself before the year is out, and we shall then perceive that it is possible for a man to find his level even in journalism. Meanwhile, *Vanity Fair*, though pretty dull and ill-written, is becoming a trifle more sensible, and does its best to remind us somewhat of the *Vanity Fair* of old.

It goes without saying that Mr. George Bernard Shaw approves, on the whole, of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's book about Mr. George Bernard Shaw. "The book is what everybody expected it to be," says Mr. Shaw, "the best work of literary art I have yet provoked. It is a fascinating portrait study, and I am proud to have been the painter's model. It is in the great tradition of literary portraiture [thereby, no doubt, resembling Mr. Chesterton's much be-puffed "Browning"]; it gives not only the figure

but the epoch. It makes the figure interesting and memorable by giving it the greatness and spaciousness of an epoch, and it makes it attractive by giving it the handsomest and friendliest personal qualities of the painter himself." Dear Mr. Chesterton! Dear Mr. Shaw! Let us embrace one another fatly. But if Mr. Shaw approves of Mr. Chesterton's Mr. Shaw, there are moments when he does not approve altogether of Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Shaw imagines, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Chesterton drinks beer. He accuses Mr. Chesterton of accusing him of not being drunk enough to write his plays properly, and he argues that because Mr. Chesterton has done this thing Mr. Chesterton is "wropped up" in sack, which Mr. Shaw evidently imagines to be a species of four ale. We hold no brief for Mr. Chesterton's beer-drinkings or other pot-walloppings. At the same time it seems to us that Mr. Shaw has an unfortunate habit of assuming that persons who cannot bring themselves to sprawl before Shaw and his works at all times and at all seasons must of necessity be brutishly addicted to extreme potations. Less than a year ago Mr. Shaw was advising the editor of this paper to get rid of his dramatic critic because the poor devil did not happen to like "Getting Married," and Mr. Shaw suggested that the man must have been drunk when he saw the play. According to Shaw, "Beer, glorious beer, or Beer for Beer's Sake," is Chesterton's battle cry, and consequently, when Chesterton happens to say anything which Shaw does not happen to like, it is beer for beer's sake which is at fault. For our own part, we are of opinion that Chesterton on Shaw is undoubtedly beer, and small beer at that. Shaw may affect to complain, and even go the length of throwing out the unkind hint that Chesterton is living on Shaw's work. But the fact remains that Chesterton's book will do a great deal more for Shaw than it is likely to do for Chesterton.

In the course of further remarks Mr. Shaw does his best to point a moral. He says:—

I have tried to teach Mr. Chesterton that the will that moves us is dogmatic; that our brain is only the very imperfect instrument by which we devise practical means for fulfilling that will; that logic is our attempt to understand it and to reconcile its apparent contradictions with some intelligible theory of its purpose; and that the man who gives to reason and logic the attributes and authority of the will—the Rationalist—is the most hopeless of fools; and all that I have got into his otherwise very wonderful brain is, that whatever is reasonable and logical is false, and whatever is nonsensical is true.

But what is the good of trying to teach Mr. Chesterton anything? Shaw further treats his biographer to the following final rebuff:—"His appointed work is not that of speculating what I am here for, but of discovering and doing what he himself is here for." In point of fact, Chesterton discovered what he is here for long ago, and he has been doing it ever since. He is here to make a vast deal of noise about nothing, and we are acquainted with nobody who is better at the business. Shaw himself may run him very hard, but that is another story.

What on earth has become of our poor suffering sisters, the suffragists and the suffragettes? For at least a month past nothing whatever has been heard of them, and the



columns of space in the newspapers which used to be devoted to an account of their doings are now given over to the usual silly season topics, which include in the case of Pearson's penny daily, otherwise known as the *Standard*, a series of letters from Anglican Bishops under the heading of "The Church and Modern Life." The letters from the Bishops, uninspired, materialistic, and earthy, are dismal enough reading, Heaven knows; but they are at any rate a welcome relief from the interminable recital of the idiotic antics of the whooping sisterhood. We do not for a moment suppose that the ladies in question have ceased to shriek and to whoop and to formulate their "demands"; we have every reason to believe that in these directions they are going as strongly as ever. What has happened is that at last the editors of the various daily papers have begun to realise the utter lack of interest which is felt by the public at large in the absurd movement. Even that gallant old dog, the *Daily Telegraph*, has dropped the subject, and the other chief organ of the suffragists, the *Daily News*, is too much occupied in circulating what may be mildly called misleading reports about the "popularity" of the Budget to spare any space to the Pankhursts, the Pethick Lawrences, the Despardes, the Groves, the McLarens, and the rest of them. It is not much more than a year ago that almost every newspaper of importance in England and about half the men one met had agreed together that woman's suffrage "must come." And at that time THE ACADEMY was the only paper in England which consistently and steadily flouted the idea that everything must come to those who howl long enough. Now, when everybody has come round to our point of view and the suffrage movement is as dead as a door-nail, we might, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in a little self-congratulation, but we shall prefer to ask our readers to believe that as we were right about the suffragists so shall we turn out to be right about the Budget.

The latest blow inflicted on this mixture of iniquity and buffoonery has been the withdrawal by Mr. Lloyd George of the clause permitting grocers to sell spirits in small bottles of less than a pint. This flagrant and unblushing attempt to catch the votes of the prospective beneficiaries was defeated by the representations of the Radical teetotal and temperance party. We do not say that the incident of this withdrawal is the last nail in the coffin of the Budget, for the simple reason that day by day until the discussion in the House of Commons is ended there will be more nails. We shall confine ourselves to repeating here and now what we said at least eight months ago, and at least three months before any other newspaper suggested such a thing—that the House of Lords will certainly throw out the Budget, lock, stock, and barrel. It is amusing to remember that at the time when certain Unionist papers began timidly to hint at such a possibility the *Times*, which under its present management has neither more nor less weight in the matter of politics than the *Daily Mail*, poured contempt on the suggestion, and implored those misguided members of the Unionist party to put away from their minds all thoughts of such hopelessly unattainable and unconstitutional ideas. The *Times*, of course, was absolutely wrong, as it generally is nowadays, and as in the nature of things it is bound to continue to be wrong. But, fortunately for the Harmsworthised "Thunderer," the public memory about such matters is very short.

## A DREAM

"I have been a youth and a maiden, and a bush and a bird, and a gleaming fish in the sea."—EMPEDOCLES.

I have drunk of all waters; all things now

I know; within the sea immutable

A bubble; pitted clay beside the well,

A serpent-haunted stone of secret vow;

The new wine of the earth that lifts the bough,

A cold, crowned rush was I, a gleaming fish,

A ceryl-bird. I dipped in many a dish

As man, and maid, beneath the Crooked Plough;

And for a moment, in an arch of light,

Out of the stream of drifting bitterness,

I have beheld the unending retinue,

In secret issuing from the low and less,

Stream like a vision, and glitter out of sight,

Where all the things that were are born anew.

M. JOURDAIN.

## "OLD MORALITY"

THE ghost of Hamlet's father had a good deal to communicate to Hamlet which might on the whole be considered interesting. And, putting for the moment the Honourable W. F. D. Smith in the position of a sort of newspaper-selling and umbrella-ring huckstering Hamlet, we wonder what might not happen if the ghost of "Old Morality" were suddenly to come upon the melancholy member for the Strand Division, say, in one of his walks after midnight on the terrace of our excellent House of Commons. If the day had been an ordinary English grub-along working day, our Mr. Smith might no doubt smile at the stars and hug himself in the knowledge that, no matter what Mr. Lloyd George may have been threatening, and no matter how dull and wearisome had been the night's debate, the house of Smith would have done its proper daily work and collected its usual guerdon in the shape of large sums of pennies and hapennies for the sale of all manner of periodical literature, promulgated chiefly by Harmsworth, not to mention sixpences and shillings for the sale of the alluring and frequently dubious novel of the period. Reflecting upon this harmless business as a philosopher might, Mr. Smith would see nothing in it but good fortune and splendid enterprise. "The press," he would murmur, "is a mighty engine, and in the hands of our dear friend Harmsworth it has become the mightiest engine in all fair Britain; and, of course, the mightier it

becomes, the more we Smiths manage to get out of it. Furthermore, the run upon fiction may or may not be an edifying sign of the times, but there can be no doubt that it brings grist to the mill, and the jolly old millers at 186, Strand, are very fond of grist. There is no harm in being fond of grist; enterprise and industry and commercial acumen were ever, and quite properly, rewarded with grist, and on the whole it is a rather pleasant thing to be young Mr. F. D. Smith, M.P., President of the Hambleden Swimming Club, etc., etc., etc. And in the midst of these consoling thoughts there might appear the ghost of "Old Morality," rid of the flesh, and clothed in, as it were, diaphanousness. We can picture young Mr. Smith pinching himself to make sure that he was awake, and in our mind's eye we can see him clap a damp hand to a clammy brow, and we can hear him ejaculate, in a sort of tremulous *sotto voce*, "By Jove, it's father!" Then probably young Mr. Smith might remember his Shakespeare, and feel that in the circumstances a little recitation would be appropriate. Here is Mr. Smith:—

But, soft! Behold! lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion,  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me!

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak to me!

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
Speak of it, stay, and speak!

Of course, in the play Hamlet himself never made use of these words at all, but in view of what Hamlet really did say to his father they may suffice. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the reply of the ghost of "Old Morality" might turn out to be a very useful and pertinent reply:—

Frederick, my son, I am thy father's spirit.

I kept the bookstalls in the fine old days,  
And kept them to huge profit; what is more,  
I kept them to the credit of the Smiths;  
And though my eye was ever on our tills,  
My other eye was on the public good.

I did not sell the *Freethinker*, dear Frederick;  
I did not hawk "hot" novels at the doors  
Of third-class railway carriages, and little boys  
Bearing my honest name upon their caps  
Never sold racing cards at Waterloo.

Or—

At which point, not being an admirer of bad poetry, young Mr. Smith might very opportunely remark, "Father, you have said quite enough, and, to put it mildly, I fail to agree with you. The times, which were out of joint even in your day, are nowadays thoroughly dislocated, and the great house of Smith must move with the times or perish. Besides, your poetry is bad. It reminds me of the poetry which, I am told, is shortly to be included in the school poetry books. One stanza of this stuff will be sufficient for you, father:—

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village bookstall stands,  
The Smith a mighty man is he,  
With large, acquisitive hands,  
And his grip on the monopoly  
Is strong as iron bands.

And if you would like a bit more, here you are:—

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears the manager's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice,  
It sounds to him like Crosland's voice,  
Singing in Paradise,  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes."

Naturally, it would be cock-crow at once. "Old Morality" was not fond of jokes. He was a serious gentleman, who spoke seriously and who thought seriously, thereby differing hugely from the present house of Smith, which never speaks and apparently never thinks. We have delivered ourselves of this little *jeu d'esprit* for a purpose. We should like the Honourable W. F. D. Smith to summon to his side the memory of his late father, whom he no doubt respected and loved, and who was a great man of business and a considerable moralist to boot. Let the Honourable W. F. D. Smith visit his own establishments with that memory upon him, and let him consider whether the house of Smith, in its doubtless righteous passion for enterprise and quick returns, is not allowing its duty by the public morality to lapse into a negligible and non-existing quantity. Do not be put off with speciousness, Mr. Smith. The argument of the "brains" of your firm is "Smiths are merely distributors; they have nothing to do with morals, and they merely supply what the public demand." The argument of "Old Morality" was, "I am here to meet the public demand, but if the public should happen to demand what happens to be dubious or undesirable, they won't get it from Smith's." Which is the nobler, sounder, saner, and sweeter policy?



## A TYROLESE SAINT

St. Notburga—Her Shrine and her Legend.

At Eben, near Jenbach, in the Upper Innthal, is the pilgrimage church of St. Notburga, a Tyrolese saint of the thirteenth century. It stands in a spot of great beauty, a grassy plateau some three thousand feet above the sea, looking on the one side towards the Achensee, a blue lake set in pine forests, on the other down into the deep, wide valley through which the Inn rushes to meet the Danube. Around are pleasant hay and corn fields and wooden houses of peasants, and the saint herself—you may see her image adorning many a fountain and dwelling-place hereabouts—is represented as a Tyrolese peasant with sickle and sheaf in her hand. Her legend—as one may read it in the little books provided for the pilgrims—seems to me to have distinct interest and charm, and a pastoral character in keeping with the surroundings of her sanctuary and the life of her peasant suppliants.

I came to Eben one July evening, weary with the sultry heat of Munich. The place may be reached from Jenbach by the little Achensee railway, but to me it was a refreshment to climb the steep path that led, in about an hour, first by a noisy torrent's side, then through tall, dark pines, very mysterious in the twilight, to the flat place, the Eben (even) land, where are the white-spired church, the spacious Pfarrhof, and the pleasant, homely Gasthaus zum Kirchenwirt. Built, no doubt, originally for the pilgrims, the inn is now frequented by a certain number of German and Austrian Sommerfrischler, but when I arrived there were no strangers. In the Gaststube, however, there were peasants who danced with the girls of the house, played the zither, and sang lively Tyrolese airs. I sat there for a time, drinking delicious milk with the sweetness of Alpine flowers, and then went to bed in a clean, fresh room for which only a shilling was charged. In the morning I visited the church and the curé, and tried to learn something about St. Nötburga. The church is a stuccoed eighteenth-century building, adorned with much paint and gilding; the tower above, with spire and gables of typical Tyrolese form, belongs to a more ancient sanctuary. Above the high altar are the relics of the saint; on the vaulting her legend is set forth in frescoes; and at the west end are many votive offerings, crude, quaint little pictures and inscriptions telling of blessings received through her intercession. From the curé I learnt that the pilgrims are mostly Bavarians and Tyrolese, and that the great time for pilgrimages is the spring, and I was able to buy in the parsonage a short life of the saint.

She was born, I learnt, in 1265, at Rattenberg, a little town that is still quaint and picturesque, with many old houses and a mediæval castle, some seven miles further down the Inn than Jenbach. She was christened Notburga after another saint of that name, a Scotch princess who, driven from her home, had found a refuge at Klettgan, in Baden, and whose tomb had become a favourite place and pilgrimage. At the age of eighteen our Tyrolese Notburga became a cook in the service of the Lord of Rottenburg, a neighbouring castle. Here she served faithfully, being noted for her piety and her goodness to the poor and sick, to whom she distributed food and drink left over from the castle table, and other alms provided by her master and mistress, who were generous and charitable. After six years, however, the old people died, and their son, the new lord, and his wife, Ottilia von Niederthor, were of different

mould. Not only did Ottilia, a hard and avaricious woman, order Notburga to give all waste food to the pigs, but she grew furious when she found that the generous girl stinted herself that she might save a portion for the poor. At last she drove her from her service, and Notburga tried to seek a new situation. It was at Eben that she found one, as farm servant in a house that is still pointed out as the place of her sojourn. To tend the cattle was her peculiar task, but she had also to help with other farm duties and in housework. On entering service the pious girl had made an agreement with the farmer that on Saturdays and the eves of festivals she should leave her work early and have time for devotion. One Saturday in the harvest season he refused to let her go. Notburga, the legend tells, appealed to Heaven, and lo! a miracle. She raises her sickle with her hand, lets it go, and it remains suspended in mid-air! The farmer could not withstand this evident wonder; he set Notburga free for her prayers, but his later treatment was such that she had to leave. Meanwhile punishment had come upon the house of Rottenburg. The Lady Ottilia had died, and the castle had been pillaged. Coming to a better mind, the Lord of Rottenburg recalled Notburga, who spent the rest of her days peacefully in the castle, feeding the poor and the wayfarers, visiting the sick, consoling the prisoners in the dungeons, and teaching the children of her master. At last, in 1313, she died. Concerning her funeral she made a strange request: that her body should be laid on an ox-cart, that the beasts should be allowed to wander where they would, and that when they stopped, there she should be buried. So it was done. One can imagine the procession, the cart and the white oxen—which are still used in Tyrol as beasts of burden—a priest, the master and his eldest son, and all the household. Through the castle gates they passed, across the high road where a crowd of poor joined mournfully in the procession, to the rushing Inn. The oxen stepped across the river, it is said, and came dry to the other side. Passing Jenbach they mounted the heights, and made for the little chapel of St. Rupert, which stood where the Eben church now is. Entering in, they left their burden before the altar. There Notburga was buried; thither pilgrims flocked, attracted by the story of the miracles. Their offerings were so large that in 1434 it was possible to build a considerable church in place of the little chapel. In the mid-eighteenth century Notburga's bones were brought up from the vault where they rested, the church was rebuilt in its present form, and the relics, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, were placed above the high altar. In 1862 she was canonised by the Pope, and her feast is kept on September 14th, the traditional anniversary of her death. The intercession of St. Notburga, once the tender of kine, is particularly valued in cases of cattle disease; there are stories, too, of miraculous cures of men and women, and of other help brought by her in time of need.

C. A. M.

## THE WEEK END

It is hinted, we do not know with what precise degree of authority, that the fashion or passion for clearing out of London from Saturday to Monday, a form of topical fidgets fostered by our railway companies, and highly influential, it is said, in developing certain favoured rural neighbourhoods, is already on the wane.

It was—is—anyhow and emphatically of the kind of fashion that does "pass," go and come, just as "bowler" bats go up and down, and "toppers" in and out.



And serious charges have been laid to its door as a social movement.

In a sense, it may be said to have had a devastating effect on an institution, popular and well known in the days of our youth, the bachelor's and young man's hebdomadal "field day." There was a time when Sunday was, so to speak, a "safe draw," and if you wanted to recall quite a number of friends and relatives to the fact of your existence, or to sweep into the drag-net of acquaintance any quantity of slightly attached families, Sunday was the day to do this securely, and with no worse result than a sense of hoarseness and over-exertion at bedtime, and perhaps mild, nervous qualms lest the same common form of personal news or gossip had been repeated—once too often—to the same audience.

Whereas nowadays, though things are said to be mending, the enthusiasm for "kind remembrance" and friend-culture is gnawed at the root by a secret worm—the terror of finding nobody at home. Even if one stays in town oneself (solitary in the companionship of some six million people) the mere conventional suspicion that one does not, will, we have heard it urged, suffice to waste and nullify hours of hospitable suspense and perhaps a quarter of a pound of good China tea.

Such misunderstandings are regrettable, though it must be supposed they find their own remedy. Calling-cards, the paper that often represents, when not left by a conventional arrangement with the milkman, so much specie of ambulatory exertion, must as often provoke a sense of remorse. While the poorer majority of the great upper class, to whom even "Friday-to-Tuesday" tickets are a burden, incline to resent the tyranny of fashion.

The history of "How Sunday at home became unbearable," to certain sections of society at any rate, though the movement has been deep and widespread, would occupy a respectable chapter of late Victorian or early Edwardian social history. Sunday—Sunday afternoon, at any rate—had become rather terrible to many of us before that date.

There was a curious state of coma, diagnosed by foreign critics as a feature of the Puritan digestion, that settled down on the orthodox British household after morning service on that fated day (very much as a yellow fog settles down on the metropolis), not to be dispersed till Monday morning. That was noticeable in all the rural homes of England.

On the awfulness of the London Sunday there has perhaps been a more recognisable consensus of opinion. An unknown poet has sung of it—

"Comes the drear, the dun day,  
When the week-ends meet  
And the blight of Sunday  
Withers all the street."

There is something convincing in the notion to one who well considers the social impossibility of London's main streets on the Sabbath Day. Vical London, it would seem, knows how to work, but not how to keep holiday or recreate itself. The open shop fronts here and there make but a hollow pretence of festivity. The people that wander thereabout in groups or pairs affect us with a strange sense of loss and aimlessness. Perhaps our first instinctive feeling is one of thankfulness that we have not the personal responsibility—incurred by children who have thoughtlessly "got out" too many toys—of putting them all back in their proper places, a duty that sometimes does devolve on our faithful police in respect of unhappy or weak-witted old gentlemen found wandering in mind and body about the West-end.

The fashion we speak of is, of course, closely connected with a certain change in popular attitude towards the Sabbath, and a general relaxation of the ties of orthodox opinion and convention; perhaps also, one may conjecture, with a kindred social tendency to shake ourselves free of the old-world trammels of time.

In what seems to some of us the disrespectful treatment of Sunday in the passion for cramming a somewhat indigested holiday into the interstices of a week-end, there

surely lurks a desire to obliterate these temporal termini altogether and to get afloat on the open stream of time, unhampered by ecclesiastical barrages or astronomical locks. For this outburst of Positivist or Liberationist impatience, if it be such, it would be interesting to know whether the world was really ripe.

If we have done with the Sabbath (which may be more than doubtful) as a Day of Rest, have we done with it as a *point d'appui* or moral ratchet to the wheel of time? The subconscious object of the obliteration of the old-world year-marks (in itself a fascinating impulse, noticeable in all phases of *renaissance* as it was in the French Revolution) was, as Adam so delicately describes the charm of his conversation with Eve, to—

"Forget all time,"

to shake off the nightmare of the brevity of our existence and banish from our banquets the death's head of "age."

It is a sort of revolt against the Calendar. But do we not still believe, however great our philosophic detachment from the ephemeral, that our moral life is safest, so to speak, in watertight compartments?

Struggle as we will, we are but pitiable ephemera, our little life is rounded with a sleep, and in our mental and moral cruises after better things we do not much care to go out of sight of shore. If one week (or month or year) is spoilt we rather like to feel we have a fresh one to play with.

Is it not certain, as ever, that many more of our good resolutions are made on a Sunday and broken on a Saturday than at other seasons? Do we not shrink into the dark and cosy corner of the "week-end" with some sense, as it were, of a mysterious cosmic pause, of a momentary evasion of the "wheel and drift of things"? Do we not start again with a mysterious and unreasoning sense of renewed option in life? And, lastly, do we not, most of us, need these temporal illusions that lure us on as the elusive mountain peak lures on the ever-disappointed but hopeful climber, to conceal from us the comparative futility and depressing monotony of our life-journey?

## THE TEMPTATIONS; OR, EROS, PLUTUS, AND GLORY

[From Baudelaire.]

LAST night three magnificent spirits of evil climbed the mysterious stairway by which Hell enters to attack the weakness of sleeping man, and enters into secret communion and fellowship with him. They stood before me in all their glory, as on a stage, and a sulphurous light shone from the three, so that they glowed against the opaque curtain of night. They wore so proud an air, and one so full of mastery, that at first sight I took them for true gods.

The face of the first spirit had the beauty of either sex, and the lines of his body were soft and delicate as that of the ancient Bacchus. His languid eyes, of some shadowy and melting hue, were like violets beaten upon by the heavy drops of the storm; his parted lips were like jars of perfume, and every time he sighed essenced and fluttering insects caught fire from the ardours of his breath.

About his purple tunic was twined by way of girdle a vary-coloured serpent with uplifted head, who gazed upon him with eyes that glowed like very coals of fire. In his right hand he bore a phial containing a ruddy and luminous liquor, and upon it for legend were inscribed these mysterious words: "Drink, this is my blood, a perfect cordial," while in his left hand he carried a violin, on which to sing his pleasures and his pains, and to spread the infection of his madness on the nights of his Sabbaths.

Upon his delicate ankles trailed some broken links of a chain of gold, and whenever its burden caused him to bend his eyes to earth he would contemplate with satisfaction his nails, which were as brilliant and polished as smoothly wrought pebbles.

He looked at me with piteous eyes that laid their secret spell upon me, and cried, or rather, chanted: "If you please, if you please, I will make you the lord of souls, and yours shall be the dominion of living matter; you shall rule more and more despotically than the sculptor lords it over his clay; you shall know the pleasure that never palls of escaping from yourself and finding oblivion in the souls of others, and of drawing other souls to lose themselves in yours."

But I answered him, "Thank you for nothing! What should I do with all this stock of souls, which are, after all, no better than mine? Though memory has its shames, I would lose and forget nothing. Even if I did not know you, your phials and your trailing fetters are sufficient to show the disadvantages of your friendship. Keep your presents to yourself."

The second fiend had none of the piteous and smiling grace of the first, nor his sweet address, nor his delicate and essenced beauty. He was an enormous figure with a gross eyeless face, and his mountainous paunch that overhung his hips was gilded and covered with a quantity of little moving figures, like tattooing, that represented the myriad forms of human misery. There were meagre men that hanged themselves on a nail; there were deformities, dwarfish and ill-nourished beings, whose piteous eyes asked for alms more eloquently than their trembling hands; and aged women, with children clinging to their lean breasts—aye, and many another terrible thing.

Then this gross fiend struck his fist upon his monstrous body, which gave a long and reverberating clash of metal melting into a vague and far-off lamentation of innumerable human voices; and, showing his broken teeth in a wide and foolish smile, like that of men of every age and country who have dined too well, he said to me:

"I can give you that which buys all, which is worth all, and which replaces all." Then he struck himself again so that the echo he raised became a commentary upon his gross speech.

I turned from him in disgust and replied: "I have no need of the misery of others to feed my pleasures. I want no riches, hung about with a tapestry of sorrows, like those pictured upon your skin."

As to the female spirit, I must confess that I found in her at first sight a singular attraction. I do not know how to express this charm except by comparing her to a beautiful woman past her first youth, who yet seems to age no more, but whose beauty has all the subtle and penetrating charm of ruined places. Her air was at once imperious and tremulous, her eyes, though faded and weary, were not without their share of fascination. The most noticeable thing about her, her mysterious voice, was rich with the memory of deep-voiced singers and with the hoarseness of those who drink deeply of spirituous liquors.

"Would you learn my power?" said this false goddess in her strange and delightful voice. "Listen then!" and she raised to her mouth an immense trumpet, enribbed like a *mirliton* with the names of all the newspapers of all the world; and through this tube she uttered my name, which reverberated and rolled through space with all the volume of a hundred thousand thunders, and which returned to me, re-echoed from the most distant of the planets.

"The devil," I cried in amazement; "that is a very fine thing!" But on looking more attentively at her I seemed to have a vague memory of having seen her drinking with some of my not too reputable acquaintances.

So I answered in scorn: "Go; I am not the man to wed the light-o'-love of some that I do not choose to name."

I have every reason to be proud of such a noble abnegation. But, unfortunately, I woke up, and all my resolution vanished. "Really," I cried, "I must have been very sound asleep to feel such scruples. Oh, if only they would come back while I am awake I would not be so particular." And I called upon them with a loud voice, offering to accept any humiliation to deserve their favours; but I must have incensed them deeply, for they have never, never returned.

M. J.

## AMERICA THROUGH EASTERN GLASSES

SEATED on a comfortable lounge, his turban and complexion bespeaking his Eastern origin, whilst his faultless attire as clearly marked the cut and style of Savile Row, the Maharájá lapsed into his native tongue, and mused rather than conversed, whilst I made bold to cast his meditations into English garb, to give them to the world.

America (he soliloquised) bids fair to bridge the chasm dividing East from West. To you of Western blood the gaping chasm alone is evident; to me, reared in a land of far-seeing philosophy, the bridge is even now shaping itself, strand by strand, but nevertheless a bridge. Do I dream? No, Sahib, the turmoil of your streets keeps me painfully awake. And yet beneath the outward rush and clang of ill-assembled parts of this mighty machine (for what is New York but a stupendous machine, as pitiless and as soulless!) there lurks the languor, the procrastination, the general aimlessness and obliquity of the East. You look amused, Sahib; but listen. In the land of my birth, the glorious country of the "twice-born" Rajputs, I once saw a *shikari* bitten by a cobra, accidentally trodden upon in the dense jungles around Udaipur. We walked him briskly about, and did our utmost to keep him awake, and for a time the man's determined will seemed to stave off the effects of the deadly venom; but the poison was there, and already the victim's life was doomed. Even so is America struggling against the spell which long has claimed the East for its own. The shores of the Atlantic may some day mark the bourne of "Farthest East."

On the surface, too, as you observe, the eastward drift is apparent in matters of philosophy and religion. The teachings of the East have claimed the attention of many profound thinkers, both in America and in Europe. But whilst I respect the unostentatious investigations of the scholar and divine, whilst I admire the labours of the true seeker after knowledge—the student who burns the midnight oil that his paths may be illumined by the light of truth—I am filled with pity, not unmingled with amusement, at the poor shallow creatures who prate and preach of what they know not, and who earmark each passing craze with some catchword from Eastern lore. The flies reveal the presence of the honey, so let us not grudge them the joys and vanities of their little day. The epidemic is not alarming; and, as you have seen in India, where plague and cholera oft reap rich harvest, an epidemic oftentimes does good in a negative way, though spelling death to those actually afflicted. No, I was not at the moment thinking of this religio-scientific phase, interesting though it be to a close observer. Rather was I reflecting on something endemic, insidious but real. The evil is of a psychological nature. There lurks the constant fear of the venom, and the anxiety to steal a march on death. How else do you account for this breathless haste in some things, this negligence and procrastination in others? It is fear that seems the chief incentive: fear of defeat, fear of circumvention, fear of friend and foe, even fear of oneself; but always fear. Need I hint at the nervous panics which spring up like the storms on an inland sea; or at the significant number of suicides and crimes; or at the fear of many wives to bear the cross of motherhood? The law of Karma is inexorable, or as your own Scriptures have it: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (You see, our sacred Vedas are not the *only* Scriptures I almost know by heart!) Do you ask what will be the outcome of this fear which stalks in every home? I realise that in time a blunted indifference will be bred from a spent-out fear; and then the apathy of the East will have set its seal upon the nation. The story of the Eastern races can illustrate both the trend and the significance of the features I describe.

I often think of the men amongst you whose success is proportionate to the noise they create. You remember the tom-tom players at an Indian *tamasha*, how they oft attract more attention than the providers of the feast? Their very existence depends upon the din they can make.



They verily barter noise for gold. Is this trait still confined to the Orient? Noise is the parent of notoriety, and, moreover, the noise-monger who would stand above his fellows, contrives to rise on a pedestal of gold, cozened or extorted from his countrymen. Human nature, you think! *Sabr karo*, my friend, have patience. The tentacles of the Eastern octopus stretch wide afield.

Now take the *box-wallah*, the purse-proud storekeeper, the creature or creator of soulless Trusts (for what are Trusts but a caste-confederacy banded against the common weal?); take all the tom-tom players of trade, who shriek and bellow above the common din. Showmen all! Showmen whose aim is to attract your presence and your gold—but more particularly your gold. You enter, maybe, and expect the show to commence. You are plainly disappointed, until it dawns upon you that the star performers are all in the band outside. You may go or stay, just as you please. The throng outside will fill your place, so long as the outer attractions continue. Some day, perhaps, they who pay the piper may insist on calling the tune.

Watch carefully the formation of caste here in this democratic land. The castes of India have grown around a great religion; but so it is here. Don't you know, Sahib, the three persons of the American *Trimuri* to-day? The first is Money, the second Money, and the third Money. Between the Hindoos and these Americans the difference is only one of conception. The god of the Trusts is an omnipotent and subtle plutocrat, who favours his chosen votaries and wreaks vengeance on their opponents. His image is graven on every heart; his creed is burned on every brain. Were he not god indeed, then millions of his worshippers must be branded idolators; and this in the twentieth century—never!

What a patient, long-suffering people these good Americans are! When the Brahmans were at the zenith of their power in India, the people just as meekly bowed their necks to the yoke; whilst many even gloried in the burden thus set upon them. In France and England, kings were beheaded for less than what I see around me to-day in this land of "Liberty" and "Equality." What a mockery these words do sound! The plutocratic priests of Mammon are the Brahmans of the United States. Like the Brahmans of old, they make the laws, and define the relationship that shall exist betwixt themselves and the rest of creation. The man of gold is a prince among the people, with a power exceeding that of kings. As caste declines in my beloved India, so is it gripping this fair and favoured country by the very vitals. Yes, truly, these "free" Americans are a curious people, and their forbearance is remarkable. Now a Rajput would have—forgive my boastfulness, Sahib, and put it down to my pride of race and the memory of our deeds. The rich alone are truly "free" in the States, is it not so, Sahib? Just as a man may make rules and regulations for his factory or household so that his own ends may not be thwarted, even so the bloated grab-all lay down the laws in the larger household of the State. Money is King, and true it is that the King can do no wrong. What a lesson in kingcraft is here presented!

To-day I saw a band of gentlewomen appealing to a throng of busy and amused men. "Votes for women" was the legend borne aloft by earnest hands. What man, I wonder, would wish his wife or sister to enter the swirling cesspool of party strife? When public life is purged; when indeed the citizens stand up like men and wrench themselves free from the hold that strangles them; when Money shall resume its proper function in the economy of the State, and shall no longer be the curse of public morals and a stigma to the nation; then, and then only, let women demand votes if they will. America holds its women very dear, and rightly so; but if they ever come under the corruptive influence that now abounds, then God help the nation, for its ideals of womanhood will be eternally shattered.

My dear Sahib, forgive this little outburst. You may

think it is no affair of mine. But though my skin be black, my soul is white. The age of Chivalry is not dead, and woman must be protected if need be against her will. I have seen in a distant country, where the franchise has long been given to women, such extensive corruption practised amongst the weaker sex, that even Tammany seems virtuous by comparison. What was the result? Few—very few—women of worth and education cared to take part in politics at all. No, Sahib, let women who feel the call of public duty set about their work in woman's way and confine it to woman's sphere. Begin with the home, the school, aye, and the social club too, and in one generation, by force of character and example, methinks the morals of the community could be purified, as no mere legislation could effect. When men are swimming in a foul and muddy stream, we hold back the women who shriek from the banks: "Let us join you, brothers, and the stream will become pure." Woman's work lies nearer the river's source. There let her work and watch and pray. The memory of our revered Empress is ever with us. The late Queen Victoria did more good by her private and public life to purify the social and political atmosphere in England, and to raise the standard of morals, than was done by all the laws since the Reformation.

You admire the manlier tribes of India—you are yourself a fighter, so I need not ask—does it ever strike you how much we owe to our women? It is its women that makes Japan a great and rising nation. And yet you can never know our Eastern women as we know them. The Spartan mother was not alone in preferring death to dishonour for the son she loved. The battle of peace is surely harder than the clash of combat, and calls for greater sacrifice, greater virtue, and greater courage.

I doubtless weary you with my mood to-night, but some other time when the spirit takes me I will touch upon some phases of American life—some Oriental driftings—which may amuse and interest you. You will admit my candour and cannot doubt my friendship. Must you really go, Sahib? Well, Salaam.

C. O. S. M.

## A TUDOR MENAGERIE

IN the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign a strange treatise on natural history appeared. It was entitled "An Accedens of Armory," and it dealt principally with heraldry. But the description of the various charges upon the coats of arms involved some mention of beasts and birds; and the author, one Gerard Legh, went considerably out of his way to teach his readers something of the manners and customs of the creatures with which he was familiar. From this information it is possible to learn to what extent the habits of our leading animals have altered in the three and a-half centuries that have elapsed since the publication of the book.

To a student of Darwin it is a little surprising to find that our domestic animals have changed far less than the wild ones. Thus the pig, the greyhound, the horse, the bee, and the dove are described in terms that any writer of to-day, with a slightly poetical turn of mind, might easily adopt; whereas the wolf, the elephant, and the lion have, by a process of natural selection, developed in a downward direction at a positively alarming pace.

Take the lion, for instance. According to Mr. Winston Churchill he is now nothing better than a mean-spirited and measly cur; but in Tudor times, "amongst all tokens of life in arms," says Legh, "the lion is to be preferred, because he is the king of all beasts. In his marching he setteth forth his right paw first and beareth himself in princely port. When he is sick he healeth himself with the blood of an ape. There is little marrow in his bones, for when they are smitten together fire fieth out of them as from a flint stone. Therefore, in the old time they made shields for horsemen of lions' bones. The lion feareth nothing but fire. The crowing of a cock is the hatefullest



noise he may hear, the sight of whose comb greatly annoyeth him."

That it is best to beat a lion by proxy everyone will agree; yet it is not generally known that "his nature is such that at the correction of another he will submit himself, as if a man beat a dog in the presence of the lion, then he coucheth. But to be corrected himself he may not suffer it." This is a practice, it must be admitted, which is a little bit rough on the dog.

The tiger is a conceited brute, and of this the hunter takes full advantage, for "when he taketh away his whelps he casteth into the pursuit fair-looking mirrors, whereupon whilst the tiger gazeth the hunter escapeth with fleeing."

The third and last of the big cats, the leopard, is so called because he is a cross between the lioness and the pard. But what is a pard?

Passing on to birds, we have another conceited creature in the raven, who "delighteth so much in her own beauty that when her birds are hatched she will give them no meat till she see whether they will be of her own colour or no. She hath sixty-four sundry changes of her voice." The swan is still more musical, and "singeth oft himself. Shipmen take it for good omen if they in peril of shipwreck meet swans"; but, according to Coleridge, albatrosses are to be preferred.

Next come two beasts of chase, the hart and the fox. The former "is a worthy beast, and delighteth much in music. When he casteth his right horn he hideth the same." Of the fox he writes: "I could speak good things of this wily beast, but I refer those to the old women of the country, who more delight in his case than in the beast himself." Truly a cryptic utterance.

There is little worth quoting about the beasts that supply us with food. "If the bull be tied to a fig-tree he loseth all his strength, and by his countenance you may learn his gentleness or fierceness. The ram feareth nothing but the thunder, and when he sleepeth he holdeth up his head. From spring-time till harvest he lieth on the one side, and from harvest to spring-time again on the other side." Master Legh, it is to be feared, lieth on all sides at once. Of the ass he facetiously says, "I could write much of this beast, but that it would be thought it were to mine own glory."

Of what may be called menagerie animals, the elephant is much the pleasantest to get on with. "He is very serviceable with love towards man, for when travellers are out of their way the oliphant will do all that he can by familiar tokens to bring them in again." In some mountainous districts a horn is blown at sunset to assist lost wanderers; it may be suggested that the oliphant used to blow his own trumpet for a similar purpose.

The wolf that Legh describes would seem to be the wolf of the fairy-tale books. "He loveth to play with a child, and will not hurt it till he be extreme hungry, what time he will not spare to devour it." Compare with this the history of Red Riding Hood. It is said (here our author refuses to commit himself), "it is said that if a man be seen of him first the man leeseth his voice, but if the wolf be seen of the man first then the wolf leeseth his boldness and hardness. He may not bend his neck backward in no month of the year but in May; and there is nothing that he hateth so much as the knocking together of two flint stones." The rest of the information about the wolf (and there is a great deal) is entirely unworthy of credence.

The porcupine is a miscellaneous sort of creature. "The head is like unto the head of a hare, ears like a man, chrisled like a peacock, body like a hagge"—this must be the animal that provides us with haggis—"forefeet like a badger, hinder feet like a bear," and the whole animal lives at the seaside and amuses itself by shooting its quills at people who tease it.

As for unicorns, it is interesting to note that the one who told Alice that he always imagined girls to be fabulous monsters was peculiar in his belief. For a unicorn "cannot be taken by strength, but only by this policy. A maid

is set where he haunteth, to whom the unicorn, as seeking rescue from the voice of the hunter, yieldeth his head and leaveth all his fierceness, and resting under her protection sleepeth till he is taken and slain." This is the old story of Sisera, the captain of Jabin's host.

## REVIEWS

### A GEORGIAN PAGEANT

*A Georgian Pageant.* By FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)

No one is better qualified to write about "that past Georgian Day" than the author of that delicious story, "The Jessamy Bride," and Mr. Frankfort Moore has made his "Georgian Pageant" a most interesting one. He gives it to us in thirteen scenes. The first four are "The Monarch of the Pageant," "A Comedy in St. Martin's Street," "A Tragedy in the Haymarket," and "The Fatal Gift." The "Monarch" is George III., and we catch him, when still under the influence of one of his fits of madness, running after the Queen's maid of honour, Fanny Burney. Mr. Moore shows very well, too, that there has been much mistaken sympathy wasted on the authoress of "Evelina" in what has been represented as her wasted and distressing period at Court. Without that experience we should have lost much in her delightful diaries, and she was evidently not able to write another novel equal to her first success. "A Comedy in St. Martin's Street" deals with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Piozzi, and others at a "command" party given by Dr. Burney, the part played by Perkins in saving the famous brewery, and Mrs. Thrale's marriage to Piozzi. Dr. Johnson was one of Mr. Thrale's executors. Mr. Moore gives an amusing picture of Johnson lumbering about the brewery with a pen behind his ear and an inkpot suspended from a button of his coat, getting in the way of everybody, and yet feeling himself quite equal to any business emergency that might crop up. He felt himself equal to anything—even to improve upon the auctioneer's style in appraising the value of the whole concern. "Beyond the dreams of avarice" remains as the sole classic phrase "born beneath the shadow of a brewhouse."

Here is a terrible description of Johnson at dinner in the Thrales' home at Streatham Park:—"We know what was the food that Johnson's soul loved, and we know how he was accustomed to partake of it. He revelled in pork and in veal baked with raisins, and when he sat down to some such dainty he fed like a wild animal. He used his fingers as though they were claws, tearing the flesh from the bone with his teeth, and swallowing it, not wholly without sound. It is not surprising to learn that his exertions caused the veins in his forehead to swell and the beads of perspiration to drop from his scholarly brow, nor can anyone who has survived this account of his muscular feat at the dinner-table reasonably be amazed to hear that when so engaged he devoted himself to the work before him, to the exclusion of any other interest in life. He was oblivious to what was going on around him. He was deaf to any remark made by a neighbour, and for himself articulation was suspended. Doubtless the feeble folk on whom he had been trampling in the drawing-room felt that his peculiarities of feeding, though revolting to the squeamish, were not without a bright side. They had a chance of making a remark at such intervals without being gored—'gored,' it will be remembered, was the word employed by Boswell in playful allusion to the effect of his argumentative powers."

"Thanks to the careful habits of some of the guests at this famous house, we know what fare was placed before

the gargantuan geniuses at one of these dinners. Here is the *carte du jour*, 'sufficient for twelve,' as the cookery book says:—First course, soups at head and foot, removed by fish and a saddle of mutton; second course, a fowl they call galena at head and a capon larger than some of our Irish turkeys at foot; third course, four different sorts of ices, pineapple, grape, raspberry, and a fourth; in each remove there were fourteen dishes."

The world is indebted to an Irish clergyman for these details. It will be seen that they did not include much that could be sneered at as bordering on the kickshaw. All was good, solid English fare—just the sort to make the veins in a gormandizer's forehead to swell, and to induce the lethargy from which Thrale suffered. He usually fell asleep after dinner; one day he failed to awake, and he has not awakened since.

Of course, adds Mr. Moore, Johnson, being invariably delicate in health, was compelled to put himself on an invalid's diet when at home. He gives us a sample of a *dîner maigre* at Bolt Court. Feeling extremely ill, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale that he could only take for dinner "steak pudding, goose, and green asparagus, and could have eaten more, but was prudent." He adds: "Pray for me, dear madam," by no means an unnecessary injunction, some people will think, when they become aware of the details of the meal of an invalid within a year or two of seventy.

It was after one of the Streatham dinners that Mrs. Thrale ventured to say a word or two in favour of Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry, and as a specimen repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:—

I'd smile with the simple and dine with the poor.

This is Boswell's account of the matter, and he adds that Johnson cried: "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David. Smile with the simple! What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich!"

Quite so. Beyond a doubt Johnson spoke from the bottom of his heart; nay, from a deeper depth still. "A Tragedy in the Haymarket" is an account of Baret's arrest for murdering a man among the gang of roughs who attacked him one night as he was going to a meeting of the Royal Society, an occurrence of which Mr. Moore has made good use in his "Jessamy Bride." Poor Baret! He was in near danger of being hanged.

An amusing anecdote was current regarding the few days of his incarceration. One morning he was visited by a teacher of languages, who begged a trifling favour of him. This was merely a letter of recommendation to Baret's pupils, so that the applicant might have a chance of taking them over "when you are hanged, sir." The fact that this sympathetic visitor was allowed to depart without molestation makes people doubt whether Baret was so bad-tempered after all. He did not assault the man. "You rascal!" he cried, "if I were not in my own room, I would kick you down stairs directly!"

It was in regard to a consultation as to the best defence to be made out for Baret that Johnson admitted to have opposed Burke simply for the sake of showing the rest of the company that he could get the best of Burke in an argument. "Burke and I," he said, "should have been of one opinion if we had had no audience." Such a confession! There was the life of his friend Baret trembling in the balance, and yet Johnson, solely for the sake of "showing off," opposed the wisdom and ingenuity Burke exercised to save from the gallows a man whom Johnson professed to admire!

One day Mr. Boswell thought he would do well to turn his friend from a subject under discussion, so he made the apparently harmless remark that Foote had a great deal of humour, and that he had a singular talent for exhibiting character. But Johnson had in him the mood, not only of "the rugged Russian bear," but also of "the armed rhinoceros and the Hyrcan tiger."

"Sir, it is not a talent; it is a vice; it is what others abstain from," he growled.

"Did not he think of exhibiting you, sir?" inquired the tactful Mr. Boswell, though he knew all about Foote and Johnson long before.

"Sir, fear restrained him," said Johnson. "He knew that I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off."

This brutal reference to the fact that Foote's recent accident had compelled him to have a leg amputated should surely have suggested to his inquisitor that Johnson had probably been paying a visit to an industrious young pickle-maker without Tom Davies' recommendation, or that he had partaken of too generous a helping of his favourite veal baked with plums, and so that he, Boswell, would do well to leave him alone for a while. But, no, Mr. Boswell was not to be denied.

"Pray, sir, is not Foote an infidel?" he inquired.

But as he himself had been dining with Foote the previous day, and as he possessed no more delicacy than a polecat, he could easily have put the question to Foote himself.

But Johnson would not even give the man credit for his infidelity.

"I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel, but if he is an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought on the subject."

Here, according to Mr. Moore, would be a good advertisement for somebody's brandy. Scene: the great hall at Inverary; Dr. Johnson chatting to the beautiful Duchess of Argyll, her daughter at one side, the Duke, looking uncomfortable, at the other, when he sees Mr. Boswell on his feet with his glass in his hand bowing toward her Grace. Surely arrangements could be made between the art patron and the artist to paint a name and a certain brand upon the bottle—a bottle must, of course, be on the table; but if this is thought too realistic the name could easily be put on the decanter, from which Mr. Boswell had just replenished his glass! Why, the picture of Dr. Johnson alone should make the painting a success, i.e., susceptible of being reproduced as an effective poster in four printings. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "claret for boys, port for men, but brandy for heroes." Yes, but whose brandy? There is a hint for a great modern twentieth-century art patron—a twentieth-century art patron is a man who loves art for what he can make out of it.

Some of the wittiest things recorded by the most diligent recorder of witty things that the world has ever known, says Mr. Moore, were uttered by Goldsmith. Upon one occasion, when walking among the tombs of the poets in Westminster Abbey, with a friend, the latter, pointing around, said, "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis." Leaving the Abbey and walking down the Strand to Temple Bar, they saw the heads of the men who had been captured and decapitated for taking part in the Rebellion of the year 1745, bleaching in the winds in accordance with the terms of the sentence for high treason, "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis," murmured the man of whom we speak. Upon another occasion this same friend of his, who had a unique reputation for speaking in the most ponderous language, even when dealing with the simplest matters, asserted that the writing of the dialogue in some recently published fables, where fish were represented as conversing, was very simple. "Not so simple at all," said the other, "for were you to write them you would make the little fishes talk like whales."

Here is how the two great contemporary authors, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, read in bed, and the methods they respectively adopted of putting out their candles. The table on which Goldsmith's candlestick stood being several feet away from his pillow, he saved himself the trouble of rising to extinguish it by flinging a slipper at it. In the morning the overturned candle was usually found side by side on the floor with an unaccountably greasy slipper. This method of discharging an important domestic duty differed considerably from Johnson's way of compassing the same end. Johnson, being extremely short-sighted, was compelled to hold the candle close to the book when reading



in bed, so that he had no need to use his slipper as an extinguisher. No, but he found his pillow very handy for this purpose. When he had finished his reading he threw away the book and went asleep with his candle under his pillow.

The difficulty and terrible anxiety which Goldsmith experienced in getting his play "She Stoops to Conquer" accepted are well told by Mr. Moore, both in his "A Georgian Pageant" and "The Jessamy Bride." It is the occasion of a good story of Johnson and Boswell, with a commentary by Mr. Moore. "The likelihood is that Colman would have refused point-blank to have anything to do with the comedy after he had read the first draft, had it not been that just at this time Goldsmith's reputation was increased to a remarkable extent by the publication of his Histories. It would be difficult to believe how this could be, but, as usual, we are indebted to Mr. Boswell for what information we have on this point. Boswell had been for some time out of London, and on returning he expressed his amazement at the celebrity which Goldsmith had attained. 'Sir,' he cried to Johnson, 'Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers in the last war who were not generals!' 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, 'you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done'—a bit of dialogue which reminds one of the reply of the avaricious prima donna when the Emperor refused to accede to her terms on the plea that were he to pay her price she would be receiving more than any of his marshals. 'Eh bien, mon Sire. Let your marshals sing to you.'

And talking of Goldsmith, how charmingly Mr. Moore tells the story of the solving of the great difficulty of finding a good name for his great comedy in the eleventh chapter of "The Jessamy Bride." They had all been dining at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—it was the dinner at which there was so much fun made about the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room. And after dinner, in the drawing-room, there was more excellent fooling made by Garrick and Goldsmith. Noll sat on the actor's knees with a table-cloth drawn over his head and body, leaving his arms only exposed. Garrick then began reciting long sentimental soliloquies from certain plays, which Goldsmith was supposed to illustrate by his gestures. The form of the entertainment has survived, and sometimes by chance it becomes humorous. But with Garrick repeating the lines and thrilling his audience by his marvellous change of expression as no audience since has been thrilled, and with Goldsmith burlesquing with appropriately extravagant and wholly amusing gestures the passionate deliverances, it can easily be believed that Sir Joshua's guests were convulsed. Then the position of the two playmates was reversed. It was Garrick who sat on Goldsmith's knees and did the gesticulating, while the poet attempted to deliver his lines after the manner of the player.

When this marvellous fooling had come to an end, except for the extra diversion caused by Garrick's declining to leave Goldsmith's knees, Reynolds asked Miss Kauffman to favour the company with an Italian song, which she was accustomed to sing to the accompaniment of a guitar.

"Pray add your entreaties to mine, Miss Horneck," said Sir Joshua to the Jessamy Bride. "Entreat our Angel of Art to give us the pleasure of hearing her sing."

Miss Horneck rose and made an elaborate curtsy before the smiling Angelica.

"Ah! Madame Angel, live for ever!" she cried. "Will your Majesty condescend to let us hear your angelic voice? You have already deigned to captivate our souls by the exercise of one art; will you now stoop to conquer our savage hearts by the exercise of another?"

A sudden cry startled the company, and at the same instant Garrick was thrown on his hands and knees on the floor by the act of Goldsmith springing to his feet.

"By the Lord, I've got it!" shouted Goldsmith. "The Jessamy Bride has given it to me, as I knew she would—the title of my comedy. She has just said it, 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

## ELIZABETH, LADY HOLLAND

*The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland (1791-1811).*

Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER. (Longmans, Green.)

"I WOULD not go to Heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to Hell with his Lordship," said Ugo Foscolo. And Charles Greville wrote of her salon, "Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go. All like it, more or less; and whenever by the death of either it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing can supply. It is the home of all Europe, the world will suffer by the loss; and it may be said with truth that it will 'eclipse the gaiety of nations.'" And Lord Ilchester, the editor of the journal we are about to consider, says her sway over her associates was the rule of fear, not of love; and with age the imperiousness of her demeanour to her intimates grew more marked. Each one of her visitors was liable to become a target for the venom of her wit or the sharpness of her tongue. But was it solely her exertions which, like a magnet, drew that distinguished coterie to the old house in Kensington? In this we think that fame has in some degree erred. Let praise be given where praise is due. The genial presence of Lord Holland, with his endearing personality, his sympathetic nature, and his ever-engrossing flow of anecdote, was at least of equal value in attracting those guests as were the fascinations of his wife.

Elizabeth Vassall was born on March 25, 1771—the only child of Richard Vassall, of Jamaica, who was descended from one of two brothers who left England for America, and are mentioned in the first Massachusetts Charter of 1629. William Vassall went to Barbados in 1650, and purchased large estates there. Ticknor, in reply to Lady Holland, who had just told him that New England was originally populated with convicts, mentioned a house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, built by a member of her family, and a marble monument to one of them in King's Chapel, Boston. Florentium Vassall, her grandfather, married Mary, daughter of Colonel John Foster, of Jamaica. Their son Richard succeeded to the property when his father died in 1799. His wife was Mary, daughter of Thomas Clark, of New York. They lived almost entirely in England, and after her husband's death in 1795, Mrs. Vassall married Sir Gilbert Affleck, second Baronet of Daham Hall, Suffolk. She died in 1835 at the age of eighty-six.

Elizabeth succeeded to the whole of her father's West Indian property, chiefly situated in Jamaica. In 1800 this amounted to about £7,000 a year, but after the suppression of the slave trade it deteriorated greatly in value, and was of little account at the time of his death. In 1786, at the age of sixteen, Elizabeth was married to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, in Sussex—a *marriage de convenance* which might have appealed to others, but certainly did not appeal to the young lady chiefly interested. The husband was twenty-three years older than the girl he married. He was for some years Member for Seaford, and at the time of his death sat for Wareham. Battle Abbey was tenanted by his aunt, and the young couple were therefore obliged to accupy a small house near it. There was no love lost between the old lady and the young bride, who used to send across to the Abbey in the mornings to ask "if the old hag was dead yet." But the old hag did not depart until 1810. Elizabeth would also devise ghostly apparitions, rattling of chains, and other evil noises to frighten the old lady, who, however, sometimes got the better of her tormentor. On one occasion a dozen or more people were introduced into the Abbey after dark and distributed over the house. At a given time each commenced a kind of drumming noise in turn, increasing and decreasing in intensity. After the din had gone on for some time and no notice was taken, the jokers came out of their hiding-places, only to find that Lady Webster had left the house with her servants and taken the keys with her, so there they had to remain till morning.



Another day a crowd of panic-stricken country people with carts and horses, fleeing from the coast, bringing intelligence of a French landing, invaded the Abbey. These were Elizabeth and her friends in disguise. The old lady gave them as much food and drink as they wanted and sent them away to tell the French that she would treat them in like fashion when they came, for there she would be found till the day of her death.

Naturally Elizabeth longed to leave her dull country life in Battle, "that detested spot where I had languished in solitude and discontent the best years of my life," and she implored her husband to take her abroad after the birth of her son, who was born in 1789. And after the birth of another son, who died in infancy, her husband reluctantly took her abroad in 1791. He left her there frequently for long seasons alone—himself returning to England. He was indifferent to her tastes, was of a gloomy and sullen disposition, violent in temper, and had fits of depression. He loved gambling and dissipation. Elizabeth was essentially a woman of action, and whatever her feelings towards him were at first, her references to him in her journal are tinged with bitterness and hatred. In her dislike for him and her solitude, she craved for love and protection. "I strive to repress, but often feel a strong desire to be dependent on another for happiness." In 1794 she met such "another" in Lord Holland—Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, born in November, 1773. Both his mother and father died shortly after his birth, and he was brought up by his uncles, Charles James Fox and Lord Ossory. Educated at Eton and Christchurch, he went abroad in 1791. He spent some time in Spain, and in the course of his travels met Lady Webster in Florence in February, 1794. They were much drawn to each other. In April, 1796, Lady Webster started for home, travelling with Lord Holland, and reached England in June. She met her husband in his house at Albemarle Street, but shortly afterwards discontinued to live with him. In November a son was born, christened Charles James Fox, so its fatherhood may be surmised. Sir Godfrey acted in a very peculiar manner, at one time saying he still adored his wife and would not ask for damages; at another time he was determined to fight a duel with Lord Holland, not for seducing his wife, but because he offered to buy a picture of her by Romney, which belonged to Sir Godfrey. The case finally came before the Civil Court with a condition attached that Lady Webster should give up her whole fortune to Sir Godfrey for his life, keeping only £800 for her own use, besides a claim for £10,000 damages against Lord Holland, which was modified by the jury to £6,000. The judge declared this settlement iniquitous, but Sir Godfrey seemed prepared to drop the case unless he got these terms, and the divorce was successfully carried through the Courts and both Houses of Parliament.

In 1796 Lady Webster had written to Sir Godfrey announcing the death of their daughter Harriet, who had been born in June, 1794. She stated that the child had sickened of measles at Modena and had died of convulsions consequent upon that disease. In all this there was not a word of truth. But the mother could not bear to part with all her children, so told this lie, had a mock funeral and buried a kid in place of the child. It was not till 1799 that she determined to restore her to her father, and it was probably owing to some information that he himself received that she did so. After her husband's death she tried to get access to her children, but she does not seem to have been successful.

After their marriage the Hollands remained in England until 1802, when, on account of their son Charles's health, they went abroad. And it was whilst they were from home that Lady Holland laid the groundwork of those distinguished gatherings for which Holland House afterwards became so famous. Her personality, her beauty, and her brilliant powers of conversation attracted many men of culture and bearing. Not many ladies visited her. She received much kindness from the ladies of her husband's family, and the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Bessborough,

and a few of her personal friends came, but she was nowhere received in society. To an ambitious woman such as she, this was galling, and perhaps had something to do with that bitterness of manner with which she is associated. She had the power of drawing out the clever men by whom she was surrounded. Conversation was never allowed to flag at her table. No one needed to conceal his sentiments. All felt that they were there to fraternise on neutral ground. But as she grew older her desire to rule increased, and her opinion on any subject was not to be lightly contradicted. Macaulay, speaking of his first visit to Holland House, says: "The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she did her guests. It is to one, 'Go' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this' and it is done." The habitués were never quite free from something very like insult and abuse. But she had a warm heart beneath her arrogance and harshness. She never forgot old friends; she was kind to dependents, and many a struggling author had to bless her for efforts on his behalf. She was somewhat nervous about her health, and her dread of storms, and especially of thunder, was almost ludicrous. She would have her rooms shut up and the candles lit to prevent her seeing the lightning.

Her views as to the Christian religion were perhaps not very decided, but she could not tolerate atheistical talk, and would often rebuke Allen for expressing disbelief in the Godhead. "She died," Rogers tells us, "with perfect composure, although consciously within the very shadow of death for three whole days before she crossed the dark threshold, she expressed neither fear nor anxiety, and exhibited a tranquillity of mind by no means general at that time."

In politics she was not at all extreme, and exercised a restraining influence on Lord Holland's Whig principles, which sometimes threatened to become extreme. But she was a warm partisan, and she revelled in intrigue. She had a warm admiration for Napoleon, and made well-known efforts to improve his situation while in exile, and yet she had only one short audience with him. In 1806 Lord Holland was Privy Seal in Lord Grenville's ministry. Her journal closes in 1814, and not much in the later years are interesting. Lord Holland died in 1840, and after his death she went to live in their little house in South Street, taking with her Dr. Allen, who died two years later. She herself lived till 1845, and was buried at Millbrook, in Bedfordshire.

*Makers of Our Clothes.* By MRS. CARL MEYER and CLEMENTINA BLACK. (London: Duckworth and Co.).

THIS book should be read and its purposes strongly supported by all who consider that the chaos which is involved in the unconstitutional form of our competitive system should become subject to some complete law or economic ground of social adjustment. Why the Board of Trade, which, in the matter of inquiry, cannot be said to have restrictions, should have to have its work executed by unofficial helpers, is one of the paradoxes relevant to our present departmental forms of government. Yet it mostly happens, in all such cases of inquiry, that they should be instituted and carried out, not by the proper authorities, but by private individuals. Indeed, the officials of the various departments which go to make up our system of rule appear to be the very last, when they should be the first, to be in touch with the cankerous evils rampant throughout the country. Popular deputations or Royal Commissions, any movement, in fact, except the responsible action of Parliament itself, seems to be the order of the day in facing national iniquities. Yet we live under the impression that our constitutional laws are, as far as the subject is concerned, free and just laws. Here, in the case in hand, we have two ladies organising and financing the work of investigation with respect to the oppression of that vast community of workers who are engaged in the making of our clothes. It is by no means a healthy report which they publish, and those prosperous

and well-fed souls who imagine that their wardrobes, etc., are a happy and lucrative source of maintenance to their fellow creatures would receive rather a rude awakening by the perusal of these industrial details of Mean Street. That an economic line should be drawn for the benefit of these wretched slaves, in the form of a minimum wage, everyone with a sense of justice and humanity will admit. In the majority of cases, the rates of payment, if not on a sweating basis, are very little above it, and cruelly below a living value. So that when one takes into consideration the high rates of rental which the worker invariably has to pay, it is not surprising that the country is called upon to pay the price of its system of blood-sucking by having to build asylums, hospitals, workhouses, and prisons, to receive its human wreckage. The work is dedicated to the President of the Board of Trade. It is to be hoped that he will appreciate it and—do his duty by it.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TENNYSON AND HIS WHITEWASHERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Wake Cook's letter is more of a refutation than a vindication of his arguments. I take it that his set purpose was to decide, once and for all, the utter inability of present-day critics, unless possessing minds of "cosmic sweep" and "manifold oceanic sympathies," to place Tennyson in his allotted niche in the Hall of Fame.

He states that the "nineteenth century was the fullest century in the history of our planet," and that "Tennyson mirrored the nineteenth century more truly and fully than any other poet or group of poets." Admitting all this to be true, what do we arrive at? This only! That he sang for, sang of, and greatly pleased a certain age. Where in his whole gamut of verse has he created a character anything like "Hamlet," whose introspection is our introspection; whose doubts are our doubts; whose vacillations are our vacillations?

I believe, however, that even Mr. Cook thinks it futile ever to hope that a jury composed of Tennyson's peers will place him near Shakespeare or Milton or Shelley. If, as I confidently assume, he believes this, then he is taking on the rôle of critic, and his argument is shattered at its core. Mr. Cook well knows that the merest tyro in literature could, for instance, "place" Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. Why? *Because the quintessence of what we call poetry cannot be missed.*

It is by virtue of those very strides in the "Marvellous Century," which Mr. Cook so dilates on, that we are enabled more than ever to appraise a poet at his worth.

Everything is relative in the apprehended universe. That is why our senses reel when we try to grasp the infinite. It is unrelated. Poets are also relative, inasmuch as not one of them has bounded the infinite, although as "through a glass, darkly," something bordering on the infinite seems to possess the works of the highest. These poets, who are the least bounded, who have most sweetly touched the enchanted chord, and caught the ear of the world, are not relative in this incomprehensible, but so-certain faculty, but only in their range of images that embodies it.

Surely the critic can tell whether or not Tennyson is among these, the rarest of geniuses!

The critic nowadays, I am talking of the genuine critic, not the one who criticises at the beck of the advertising manager, has before him all the canons of art as laid down by the greatest of his class, some of whom were poets of the first water themselves, and therefore peculiarly fitted for their task. Is all this of no avail? Take the following passage from the greatest of the nineteenth-century poets. Shelley says: Poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.' The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to a transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the colour of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach, or its departure." And Tennyson kept a notebook stocked with phrases for future use! Shelley further says: "I appeal to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labour and study." And Tennyson had many of his poems set up for press rehearsals! Is it a wonder that his verse lacks the Promethean fire?

Again, not relying on our own minds of narrow range and limited sympathies, we bring others, whose minds are not only "big," but colossal, to our aid. Coleridge writes: "Speaking of poetry he (Milton) says, as in a parenthesis, which is 'simple, sensuous, passionate.' How awful is the power of words!—fearful often in the consequences when merely felt, not understood; but most awful when both felt and understood! Had these three words only been properly understood by, and present in the minds of, general readers, not only almost a library of false poetry would have been either precluded or still-born, but, what is of more consequence, works truly excellent and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions, would have been the common diet of the intellect instead."

"Simple, sensuous, passionate." How do these apply to Tennyson? By the first he stands! The second, he is tottering! The third, he is fallen!

Does Mr. Cook deny minds of "cosmic sweep" and "manifold oceanic sympathies" to Milton, Shelley, and Coleridge?

I will conclude with perhaps the most damning proof of all; finally showing that Tennyson was essentially a poet of an age rather than for all time. The commentator is, as I have already said, his "peer," or rather his superior. I quote again from Shelley: "Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb. A poet, therefore, would do ill to embody his own conceptions of right and wrong, which are usually those of his place and time, in his poetical creations, which participate in neither." Tennyson, I think, has embodied his moral views in some of his poetical creations with a vengeance.

As to the spiritual "mystic gleam"—"that spiritual insight," with which, Mr. Cook says, the ordinary critic is incompetent or afraid to deal, I ask him, if even the most extraordinary and competent critics have been able to deal with this in a satisfactory manner. Did Coleridge or Shelley ever grasp it outside their poetical creations? Did ever metaphysician place it before our eyes in black and white? No, it is as elusive as the sunbeam; one might as well try to catch the chords of the golden lyre of Apollo which made "all the unwearied ear of the whole universe listen in pain and pleasure," or the sweet stops "of planetary music heard in trance."

And yet this faculty which Mr. Cook designates as the most important aspect of Tennyson—this faculty which is felt, not seen or heard, is immeasurably more powerful and intense in those poets I have referred to, and also in Wordsworth. Shelley combined this faculty with an intellectuality, an imagination, an enthusiasm, an artistic power, and an intuition, unequalled in the annals of English literature, except, of course, by the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare.

I have no wish to belittle Tennyson (if I had, what would the wish be worth?), but I have the courage to endeavour to kill a "library of false poetry," so that "works truly excellent" shall be the common diet of the intellect instead."

Stratford.

HENRY DAVID CLARK.

### "DEMURE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Mayhew's objections (THE ACADEMY, August 21) to my suggested etymology of the word *demure* (THE ACADEMY, August 14) do not convince me. He quotes from the N.E.D., Palsgrave, and Cotgrave certain arguments, already given in my note of August 14, in favour of connecting *demure* with *mure*, but makes no attempt to account for the prefix, or for the fact that *demure* is recorded in E. much earlier than *mure*. A derivation which fails to account for the unexampled addition of a prefix, "the nature and history of which are obscure," can hardly be described as "perfectly sound and satisfactory." The semantic arguments are left quite unnoticed in Mr. Mayhew's letter; yet he must be aware that such arguments are the strongest that can be adduced. The oldest meaning given by the N.E.D. for *demure* is "calm, settled, still" (used of the sea), and, as I have shown, its normal early equivalents in French, Spanish, Dutch, and German are words with the same connotation as E. *staid* and *steady*. I have already admitted that the word may have been associated in E. with *mure*, but this association seems to me to belong to the later development of meaning. Ripeness may, in individuals, be considered as coinciding to some extent with sobriety, but I am unable to conjecture by what mental process a sea can be conceived as ripe. The evolution from the verb "*demeurer*, to stay," of an adjective meaning "stayed" is as natural as *arrêté* (cf. Cotgrave, "*arresté*, stayed . . . settled, etc.") from *arrêter*, *étale* (in *marée étale*, etc.) from *étaler*, or the other adjectives mentioned in my note of August 14 (for a list of about fifty see an article



by August Speich in the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, May, 1909). It is true that this adjective is not recorded in O.F., but neither are *ray* and *trove* (see *THE ACADEMY*, August 14), nor some other E. adjectives of similar origin on which I hope to have something to say at a future date. On one point I am in agreement with Mr. Mayhew, though I think he overstates the case when he says that I "hopelessly confuse" two French sounds of distinct origin. It is quite true that M.E. *demure* should rather have resulted in *demere* if derived from the tonic stem of *demeurer*. The analogy of *trove* suggests that the atonic stem (infin. or past part.) is the origin, and that *demure*, like the verb *demur*, is derived from Norman *demurer*. I am much obliged to Mr. Mayhew for pointing out this inaccuracy.

#### "HUNKS."

I am glad that Mr. Mayhew agrees with me in connecting this word with *hund*, and I think his suggestion that the *-ks* is a metathesis of Danish *-sk* is probably right. The change of ending, whatever its origin, may have been helped by the contemptuous terms *cokes* (*coax*) and *minks* (*minx*), the latter of which probably also illustrates the metathesis of *-sk* (*Skeat*).

E. W.

#### LA MORT DE LA VIRGULE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The above title, by the way, has nothing to do with a recent poem by the President of Magdalen. I choose it by way of compliment to "A French Linguist," who has lately been making some sensible remarks about our modern punctuation. "The Passing of the Comma" is one of the most distressing features of the age, and one of the most significant.

Reading casually through the so-called "Literary Letter" in *The Sphere* for July 17, I was stuck, not only by the amazing fatuity of the remarks, but still more by the wretchedness of the style. And I noticed that it was precisely this disregard of commas which irritated my nerves most. Here are some examples of what I mean. They are miserable English, and I must apologise to the "French Linguist" for them; still, a despised comma might have improved them:—

1. "He was made Lord Broughton although the barony became extinct with him."

2. "Waterloo was fought to put a ruler on the throne whom his people hated and to overthrow a ruler."

3. "Had these conditions obtained when Charles Dickens was writing his grandchildren would still be drawing handsome revenues from his books as the grandchildren of men whose genius took a mechanical turn are doing to-day."

In (1) we have the indolent use of "although" so beloved by ladies, in whose society, no doubt, the "Literary Letter" is penned. As it expresses an afterthought, a comma before it is indispensable.

In fact Mr. Shorter uses the word twice again in the same column, *with a comma before it*.

In (2) the literary reader will shudder at ". . . throne whom . . ." In any case the juxtaposition is slovenly, but a comma might have helped it out. In (3) we naturally read "writing his grandchildren" in one breath. On the sentence as a whole I forbear to comment. It cries for commas. The following specimen is past benefit of commas:—

4. "Not for many a day have I read a book which I so much desired to be longer than this one." After this, who would desire to be Shorter!

And now, in case any of your readers thinks I am too hard on the gentleman, I conclude with two more sentences from his debonair pen:—

5. "Campbell and Scott mutually hated each other." And 6. "Another class that *deserve* consideration are the widows of authors . . ."

If Shorter had perpetrated these when he was in shorts, and if I had been his candid little friend on the next bench, I should have recommended him to reinforce the lining of those shorts by the prompt but unobtrusive insertion of a handy copy-book. For in those days "the seat of learning" was a painfully literal phrase.

AN ENGLISH SCHOLAR.

#### THE TAFFY NONCONFORMIST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In view of the eminence as an Empire-breaker, which has been so deservedly acquired by Mr. David Lloyd George, would you allow me to inquire if there is an instance on record of any renown ever obtained by a Taffy Nonconformist as an Empire-maker?

It is a notorious fact that in proportion to its population, Wales has produced fewer men of distinction than any other portion of the Empire, and this being the case it is difficult to see why the framer of the Taffy Nonconformist Budget should possess the right to dictate to the rest of the community as to their methods and habits of living.

In the reports of Radical gatherings, references are invariably made to "gallant little Wales," but it is impossible to discover any evidence of gallantry that Wales has ever exhibited save in returning thirty-two acrid mediocrities to the House of Commons to support obsequiously any measures introduced by a semi-Socialistic Cabinet.

If the downfall of the Empire—as seems a by no means improbable contingency—is ultimately effected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it will be at least some measure of consolation to know that this work of destruction has been wrought by an alien peace-at-any-price and suffragette Taffy, who possesses no trace of affinity with the great Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, whose daring and virility brought it into being.

Of the inherent barrenness of the Welsh mind, no more conclusive evidence can be adduced than the fact that though Taffy is by nature a schismatic, he has been unable to originate his own forms of schism, and, in consequence, is driven to adopt those provided for him by the despised Saxon.

As to the poetic nature with which Taffy has been endowed by a certain school of sentimentalists, it is necessary only to point out that the solitary poet furnished by the land of Little Bethels to modern literature, has been Sir Lewis Morris.—Yours, etc.,

T. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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